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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5V

"Logopolis"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: "LOGOPOLIS" EPISODE THREE

CAST:

DOCTOR
ADRIC
TEGAN
NYSSA

THE MONITOR
THE MASTER

N/S

THE WATCHER
LOGOPOLITANS

FILM:

STUDIO:

LOGOPOLIS: LANDING AREA
LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET (x 3, AND WRECKED)
LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER
LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER (x 2)
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

MODEL SHOTS

Logopolis with antenna

TELECINE 35mm

Opening Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING
AREA. DAY.

(REPRISE, THEN)

(TEGAN ROUNDS ON THE
MONITOR)

TEGAN: It's your numbers that
are doing this. You must be able
to do something to put it right.

ADRIC: (TO THE MONITOR) How
can we get him out of this?

MONITOR: (STILL DAZED) This is
unheard of... A fault in the
computations?

(RECOVERING HIS
AUTHORITY, THE MONITOR
TURNS TO THE
LOGOPOLITANS, URGENTLY
ADDRESSING THEM)

MONITOR: Collect the machine.
The honour of Logopolis is at
stake.

(AS THE FRIGHTENED
LOGOPOLITANS MOVE TO OBEY
WE CLOSE ON THE MONITOR'S
FACE, ILLUMINATED BY THE

FLUORESCENCE FROM THE
TARDIS)

MONITOR: (TO HIMSELF) And more
than our honour... much more.

NYSSA: (TO THE MONITOR) What
are you going to do with the
Doctor.

MONITOR: Our best. That is all
we can do. (TO THE LOGOPOLITANS)
The Central Register. Quickly --
there may still be time.

2. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(A DISTORTED HIGH-ANGLE
VIEW.

AN INSIDIOUS BUZZING
SOUND FILLS THE ROOM.

THE DOCTOR IS SLUMPED ON
THE FLOOR. HE STIRS AND
TRIES TO STRUGGLE TO HIS
FEET, BUT IT IS AS IF
SOME TERRIFIC PRESSURE IS
BEARING DOWN ON HIM)

DOCTOR: Dematerialise...

(IN AGONISING SLOW-MOTION
HE LURCHES TOWARDS THE
CONSOLE AND MANAGES TO
PRESS A BUTTON. NOTHING
HAPPENS. HE TRIES OTHER
BUTTONS)

DOCTOR: Nothing. Nothing
working.

(HE PRESSES SEVERAL MORE
BUTTONS. EVENTUALLY:

THE SCREEN ILLUMINATES,
SHOWING:

A JOLTING VIEW OF A
LOGOPOLIS STREET, HUGELY
MAGNIFIED.

THE BUZZING SOUND BECOMES
LOUDER AND HIGHER IN
PITCH.

THE DOCTOR STAGGERS AND
COLLAPSES ON THE FLOOR)

3. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE LOGOPOLITANS, LEAD
BY THE MONITOR AND TEGAN
AND FOLLOWED BY ADRIC AND
NYSSA, ARE RUSHING THE
DIMINISHED TARDIS TOWARDS
THE CENTRAL REGISTER)

TEGAN: He's got a chance,
hasn't he, Monitor?

MONITOR: If we can trace the
error in time.

(AS THE PROCESSION
HURRIES PAST WE CLOSE IN
ON ONE OF THE CELLS.

FROM BEHIND A YELLOWING,
FLUTED CORINTHIAN COLUMN
A FACE APPEARS, DARK AND
SPIKILY BEARDED, AND WE
HEAR A CHUCKLE WE NOW
KNOW WELL)

MASTER: At last, Doctor. At
last I've cut you down to size.

4. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE BUZZING SOUND
CONTINUES TO RISE IN
PITCH.

THE SCREEN SHOWS A
JOLTING PICTURE OF SOME
BUILDING WHICH WE APPEAR
TO BE ENTERING.

GARGANTUAN IN PROPORTION
TO THE DOCTOR, ADRIC'S
FACE LOOMS IN, FILLING
THE VIEWER SCREEN.

AS ADRIC STEPS BACK, WE
SEE THE ENORMOUS FACES OF
TEGAN AND NYSSA BESIDE
HIM.

THE PICTURE IS STEADY
NOW. NYSSA STEPS IN,
TALKING URGENTLY TO THE
DOCTOR, THOUGH WE HEAR NO
SOUND.

WE WIDEN TO SHOW THE
DOCTOR INERT BENEATH THE
SCREEN)

5. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE LOGOPOLITANS HAVE SET THE MINIATURE TARDIS ON THE FLOOR BY THE CONSOLE, AND ARE NOW STANDING WELL BACK.)

NYSSA KNEELS IN FRONT OF IT, WITH ADRIC AND TEGAN BEHIND HER)

NYSSA: Hold on, Doctor. The Monitor is going to help us.

ADRIC: He can't hear you. The Tardis screen doesn't carry sound.

(A BIG DIGITAL TAPE MACHINE, PART OF THE EQUIPMENT WE NOTICED IN EPISODE TWO, IS TURNING OVER, PASSING CODE TO A PRINTER WHICH CHATTERS OUT ROWS OF FIGURES.)

THE MONITOR IS SITTING AT THE CONSOLE, RUNNING THROUGH A STREAM OF LOGOPOLITAN NUMBERS, SPEAKING INTO THE CONSOLE APERTURE)

MONITOR: Etra secque secque eram nol. Etra secque kayrie gorrock gorrock kayrie zel. Kayrie nerus nerus kayrie zel...

(HE STOPS AS ADRIC JOINS
HIM)

MONITOR: It's somewhere in the
dimensioning routine. We can trace
it, if there's time.

ADRIC: Perhaps I can help?

MONITOR: Perhaps you can.

(HE GETS UP AND CROSSES
TO THE PRINTER)

MONITOR: This is the machine code
dump of the routine that's caused
the trouble. Can you read Earth
numbering?

(HE TEARS OFF THE PRINT
OUT AND HANDS IT TO
ADRIC)

ADRIC: Yes, the Doctor taught
me.

MONITOR: It's a copy of an Earth
machine, so I'm afraid we have to
make do with their clumsy symbols.
I must check the External
Registers. Read it to me as we
go.

(THE MONITOR AND ADRIC
MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR,
BUT THEY ARE INTERCEPTED
BY TEGAN)

8 (ep.3)

TEGAN: Where are you off to.
There's work to be done.

ADRIC: We're doing it. See you
later.

(HE FOLLOWS THE MONITOR
THROUGH TO:)

6. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(A LONG ROOM, A WALL OF WHICH IS LINED WITH SEATED LOGOPOLITANS, THEIR BACKS TO US AS THEY SIT BEFORE CONSOLES SIMILAR TO BUT SMALLER THAN THE MONITOR'S IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.

EACH LOGOPOLITAN SPEAKS INTO THE APERTURE IN FRONT OF HIM, AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF THEIR RHYTHMIC INCANTATION OF THE NUMBERS.

THE MONITOR MOVES FROM WORKSTATION TO WORKSTATION, LOOKING OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AND LISTENING IN.

ADRIC TRAILS BEHIND HIM, READING ALOUD FROM THE PRINTOUT)

ADRIC: Zero-A,
Zero-four, Zero-Zero, nine-two,
two-C, eight-seven...

(AND SO ON, IN
HEXADECIMAL NOTATION.

AS THEY PASS ON DOWN THE ROOM, TEGAN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY THEY ENTERED BY.

SHE SURVEYS THE ROWS OF WORKERS, APPARANTLY APPALLED AT WHAT SHE SEES)

7. INT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER EXTERNAL
REGISTRY. DAY.

(ADRIC AND THE MONITOR
ENTER A VERY SIMILAR
ROOM.

THE MONITOR SURVEYS A
COUPLE OF THE WORKERS,
THEN HOLDS UP HIS HAND TO
INTERRUPT ADRIC AS HE
LEANS OVER THE THIRD.

HE EXCHANGES A FEW
WHISPERED WORDS WITH THE
THIRD LOGOPOLITAN, BEFORE
STRAIGHTENING UP AND
SHAKING HIS HEAD)

MONITOR: (TO ADRIC) I'm sorry, I
thought we had found something.

(THE MONITOR LOOKS UP AND
DOWN THE ROOM)

MONITOR: It's somewhere in this
subroutine... somewhere.

ADRIC: But Monitor, why do you
need so many people? I still don't
understand why all this can't be
done with machinery?

MONITOR: For many uses machinery
is unsurpassed. But Logopolis is
not interested in those uses.
Block Tranfer Computations cannot
be run on computers.

ADRIC: Why not?

MONITOR: Our manipulations of numbers directly change the physical world. There is no other Maths like ours.

ADRIC: You mean the computations themselves would affect a computer?

MONITOR: Change its nature and cause it to malfunction. Only the living brain is immune.

ADRIC: But you have a computer out there. You were using it.

MONITOR: To record the code, and prepare new algorithms, yes. But we must never run our programs on it.

(ADRIC LOOKS AT THE PRINT
OUT IN HIS HAND WITH NEW
RESPECT)

MONITOR: Perhaps we can
continue...?

(ADRIC IS MOMENTARILY
FLURRIED: HE'S LOST HIS
PLACE)

MONITOR: (GENTLY, WITHOUT
CONSULTING THE PRINTOUT) We had
reached zero-seven, zero-four,
A-zero, three-zero, three-eight.
We should be somewhere towards the
end of the third block.

(ADRIC'S RESPECT FOR THE
MONITOR VISIBLY
INCREASES. HE FINDS THE
PLACE AND RESUMES.

TOGETHER THEY MOVE ON
DOWN THE ROW OF SEATED
WORKERS)

8. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE LOGOPOLITANS HAVE
RIGGED UP A COUPLE OF
LARGE FLAT DEVICES THAT
LOOK LIKE PORTABLE
SCREENS ON EITHER SIDE OF
THE TARDIS.)

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH
THE WHISPER OF
LOGOPOLITAN NUMBERS)

NYSSA: They seem to be some
sort of loudspeakers.

TEGAN: What's the good of
that?

NYSSA: I suppose they must be
creating a temporary zone of stasis
around the Tardis. But I'm afraid
I don't understand their science.

TEGAN: That goes double for me.
(MOVING NYSSA TOWARDS THE EXTERNAL
REGISTER) But one thing is clear
as daylight. Come and take a peek
in this room here...

9. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA APPEAR
AT THE DOOR OF THE ROOM,
PEEPING IN)

TEGAN: Rows and rows of them
hard at it.

NYSSA: They all seem very
dedicated.

TEGAN: Dedicated! That's one
way of looking at it. You know
what I think? I think it's sheer
exploitation. Looks to me like the
Monitor's running some sort of
slave colony!

9a. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE BUZZING SOUND SEEMS
LOUDER THAN EVER NOW.

ON THE FLOOR BENEATH THE
CONSOLE THE DOCTOR TRIES
TO LIFT HIS HEAD.

WITH SUPREME EFFORT HE
TURNS HIS HEAD TOWARDS US
AS HE LOOKS FOR THE
SOURCE OF THE SOUND.

BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO
MUCH. HE SLUMPS BACK
AGAINST THE FLOOR.

SLOWLY WE CLOSE IN ON THE
TARDIS VIEWER, AND SEE IN
IT THE LOGOPOLITAN SONIC
SCREENS.

AS WE APPROACH THE
BUZZING SOUND SEEMS TO
FADE.

SUDDENLY IT STOPS
ALTOGETHER)

10. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(LIKE THE OTHER STREETS
WE HAVE SEEN, THIS ONE IS
ALIVE WITH WHISPERS AND
THE CLICK OF ABACUS
BEADS.

ADRIC IS STILL READING
FROM THE PRINTOUT, BUT
NOTICEABLY FLAGGING NOW)

ADRIC:Eight-three,
zero-three, A-three, three-seven.
That's the end of the third block.

MONITOR: There are no errors to
be found in the registers, and
there are too many of these streets
for us to check in time. The work
is wearying to those unused to it,
but we must continue.

(ADRIC TAKES A DEEP
BREATH AND BEGINS AGAIN)

ADRIC: Fourth block begins...
Zero-three, zero-two, zero-zero,
F-eight...

MONITOR: (CORRECTING) zero-zero,
E-eight, I think.

ADRIC: Sorry, E-eight.

16 (ep.3)

MONITOR: It is difficult, I know.
But accuracy is of vital
importance...

(THEY MOVE ON DOWN THE
STREET)

11. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE STABILISED MINIATURE
TARDIS STANDS BEFORE THE
SCREENS.

THE SILENT LOGOPOLITANS
WATCH OVER IT.

TEGAN AND NYSSA RETURN TO
IT)

TEGAN: You can tell they're
exploited -- just look at their
faces.

NYSSA: They certainly all look
very serious. But I've seen that
look on my father's face -- intense
dedication. These people are
scientists.

TEGAN: If you ask me they must
be under some huge threat to keep
them so hard at work? Not that it
seems to be doing any good.

NYSSA: (POINTING TO THE TARDIS)
They have done something. Look,
the dimensions have stabilised.

12. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(ANOTHER SIMILAR STREET.)

ADRIC'S THROAT IS VERY
DRY NOW, AND HE SPEAKS
WITH OBVIOUS EFFORT)

ADRIC:eight-nine, nine-A,
zero-A, one-one, E-seven...

MONITOR: (A LITTLE TESTILY)
E-nine.

ADRIC: Sorry. E-nine,
three-three... (HE BREAKS OFF)
Did you say "E-nine"? It says
E-seven here.

(THE MONITOR SEIZES THE
PAPER FROM ADRIC)

MONITOR: You're right, E-seven.
And the next three numbers are
wrong... (HE SURVEYS THE STREET AND
ASSESSES THE DIRECTION) This
way...

(HE MOVES OFF QUICKLY,
FOLLOWED BY ADRIC)

13. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE TWO GIRLS ARE
KNEELING DOWN IN FRONT OF
THE TARDIS)

TEGAN: The Tardis isn't much
use to anybody that size, stable or
not.

NYSSA: Perhaps it gives us some
time.

TEGAN: Time to do what? We
don't even know if he's alive in
there.

(THEY LEAN IN TOWARDS THE
TARDIS)

14. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE BUZZING SOUND HAS
STOPPED.

ON THE FLOOR BENEATH THE
CONSOLE THE DOCTOR
STIRS.

HE SITS UP, HOLDING HIS
HEAD IN HIS HANDS, AND
LISTENS)

DOCTOR: They've arrested the
dimension spiral. Things are
looking up.

15. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(A SIMILAR STREET, THOUGH
THE SOUNDS ARE QUIETER
HERE.

THE MONITOR AND ADRIC
HURRY IN)

MONITOR: This is the street. The
error should be somewhere here....

(HE AND ADRIC PASS TWO
CELLS IN WHICH CHANTING
LOGOPOLITANS SIT.

BUT THE THIRD CELL IS
EMPTY -- AT FIRST
GLANCE.

AND THEN THEY NOTICE THE
DOLL-LIKE BODY OF THE
LOGOPOLITAN.

THE NEXT CELL IS THE
SAME...

AND THE NEXT.

THE HORRIFIED MONITOR
LOOKS AT ADRIC)

MONITOR: Sabotage.

ADRIC: Murder. That's far
worse.

MONITOR: Interference with the workings of Logopolis. That could be the most dangerous crime in the universe.

16. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING AT
THE GIRLS' FACES, HUGE ON
THE SCREEN.

ENCOURAGED BY THE SIGHT
HE STRAIGHTENS UP AND
SMOOTHS OUT THE PAPER THE
MONITOR GAVE HIM)

DOCTOR: An error in the
dimensioning subroutine.
Somewhere... here. I won't be
beaten. I simply.... will not be
beaten.

(FIGHTING TO MOVE TOWARDS
THE CONSOLE AS IF UNDER
WATER, THE DOCTOR TACKLES
THE CONSOLE AGAIN)

DOCTOR: But I could certainly do
with a little more help from out
there.

17. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE MONITOR IS CHECKING
ONE OF THE LOGOPOLITANS'
ABACUSSES, AND MAKING
AMENDMENTS TO THE
PRINTOUT.

ADRIC IS LOOKING PAST THE
MONITOR, HAVING SEEN AT
THE FAR END OF THE
STREET:

THE VAGUE FIGURE OF THE
WATCHER.

THE MONITOR LAYS ASIDE
THE ABACUS AND ROLLS UP
THE PRINTOUT)

MONITOR: Quickly! We must return
to the Central Register.

(ADRIC LOOKS AGAIN -- AND
THE WATCHER HAS GONE.

HE TURNS AND FOLLOWS THE
MONITOR OFF IN THE OTHER
DIRECTION)

18. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA ARE
CROUCHING IN FRONT OF THE
MINIATURE TARDIS.

TEGAN STANDS UP
IMPATIENTLY)

TEGAN: I just feel so
helpless.

NYSSA: How do you think the
Doctor feels?

(ADRIC RUSHES IN,
FOLLOWED BY THE MONITOR)

ADRIC: The Monitor's done it.
He's found the error.

MONITOR: The Doctor must
reprogram block four of the
dimensioning routine.

TEGAN: Let's hope we can get
through to him. Here, give me
that...

(SHE TAKES THE PRINTOUT
FROM ADRIC)

ADRIC: These numbers have to be
changed.

(HE POINTS OUT THE
MONITOR'S CORRECTIONS)

TEGAN: The best we can do is
show this to him and hope he knows
what to do.

ADRIC: He will.

TEGAN: Leave it to me.

(SHE UNROLLS THE PAPER)

ADRIC: Good. I've got to go
back. The Master's out there
somewhere.

NYSSA: The Master? I'm coming
with you.

ADRIC: No, this could be very
dangerous.

NYSSA: I came here to find the
Master. I must know what's
happened to my father.

19. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS SITTING
UNDER THE CONSOLE, A
SMALL COMPONENT IN HIS
HAND)

DOCTOR: The cheese-board is the
world, the pieces are the phenomena
of the universe, as my old friend
Huxley used to say. Or was it
chess-board. Yes, chess-board, of
course... And the opponent never
overlooks a mistake, or makes the
smallest allowance for ignorance.

(HE PUTS THE COMPONENT
BACK INTO PLACE)

DOCTOR: I am an ignorant old
Doctor, and I have made a mistake

(HE LOOKS UP AT THE
SCREEN)

DOCTOR: There's only one
direction help can come from now.
We'll just have to wait.

(ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE
MONITOR'S PRINTOUT,
HAND-CORRECTED BY THE
MONITOR, APPEARS ON THE
SCREEN)

DOCTOR: Yes, something along
those lines...

20. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE SUSURATIONS AND
CLACK OF BEADS CONTINUE,
THOUGH LESS OBTRUSIVELY
THAN BEFORE.

ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE
SURVEYING THE DOLL-LIKE
DEAD LOGOPOLITANS)

ADRIC: The mark of the Master.

NYSSA: He must have added his
own voice to the Numbers, and
corrupted the Doctor's code.

ADRIC: And he's still here
somewhere.

NYSSA: What does he looks
like?

ADRIC: I don't know. (THEY
BEGIN TO MOVE DOWN THE STREET) I
saw somebody... someone who's been
following us.

NYSSA: The Master.

ADRIC: The Doctor said he
wasn't. Something worse than the
Master... At the end there.

(ADRIC MOVES QUICKLY TO
THE END OF THE STREET, A
T-JUNCTION, AND LOOKS
BOTH WAYS BEFORE RUNNING
OFF IN ONE DIRECTION)

ADRIC: This way... Come on.

21. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN IS KNEELING IN
FRONT OF THE MINIATURE
TARDIS.

THE MONITOR STANDS BESIDE
HER)

TEGAN: I hope he's seen it.

(TEGAN STANDS UP)

MONITOR: I'm sure he has. And
with those figures he should be
able to restore the Tardis. It
won't take long.

TEGAN: While he's sorting that
out, would you mind explaining
something to me. (LEADING HIM
TOWARDS THE EXTERNAL REGISTER)
Come on... I want to know what's
behind all this.

(SHE OPENS TO DOOR TO THE
EXTERNAL REGISTRY AND
SHOWS THE MONITOR THE
LOGOPOLITAN WORKERS)

TEGAN: Back home in Brisbane
we'd call a place like that -- a
sweat-shop. What's going on?

22. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.
DAY.

(THE WHISPERS ARE QUIETER
HERE, AND FEWER
LOGOPOLITANS ARE
VISIBLE.)

NYSSA AND ADRIC ENTER,
RUNNING)

ADRIC: Down there... I saw
him.

NYSSA: Where?

ADRIC: Never mind -- follow
me.

(NYSSA IS ABOUT TO COMPLY
WHEN SHE NOTICES IN ONE
OF THE CELLS SHE IS
PASSING:

A MAN VERY LIKE HER
FATHER SITTING IN THE
ENTRANCE)

NYSSA: (CAUTIOUSLY) Father?

MASTER: Nyssa! Nyssa, my dear.

(NYSSA LOOKS AT HIM,
OPEN-MOUTHED AND JOYFUL)

23. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.
DAY.

(THE STREET IS SILENT AND
DESERTED.

ADRIC RUNS IN,
BREATHLESS.

HE PAUSES, CHECKING HIS
DIRECTION)

ADRIC: Lost him. We'd better
go back...

(HE TURNS ROUND,
EXPECTING A REPLY FROM
NYSSA.

BUT THE STREET IS EMPTY)

ADRIC: Nyssa?

24. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE MONITOR AND TEGAN
ARE LOOKING IN THROUGH
THE DOOR)

TEGAN: You can't tell me this
is just academic research.

MONITOR: And what about you,
Tegan -- are you dedicated to your
work?

TEGAN: I was top of the course
the airline runs. But we all
enjoyed it. These people are being
forced into -- whatever they're up
to. They don't smile, they don't
talk.

MONITOR: Their language is the
language of the Numbers. It is
their talent and their passion, and
their work is very serious. They
have no need to smile.

(TEGAN IS AGHAST)

TEGAN: No need to smile....!

(THE MONITOR STEERS TEGAN
GENTLY BACK INTO:)

24a. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

MONITOR: And as for speech, we are a people driven not by individual need, but by mathematical necessity. The language of the Numbers is as much as we need. [CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM] Now, please... It is important not to disturb them.

TEGAN: But if they can't talk at all....

(SHE BREAKS OFF, LOOKING
IN THE DIRECTION OF:

THE TARDIS. IT IS
FLUORESCING AGAIN, BUT
THIS TIME GROWING
NOTICEABLY LARGER)

TEGAN: You've done it!

MONITOR: Yes, there does seem to be some positive development.

25. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING
AREA. DAY.

(NYSSA AND THE MASTER ARE
WALKING IN FROM THE
DIRECTION OF THE CITY)

NYSSA: What is this "mission"
of yours, father. You seem so
changed by it. You look younger,
but... so cold, somehow.

MASTER: Logopolis is a cold
place. A cold, high place
overlooking the universe. It holds
a single great secret, Nyssa.
Which you and I will discover
together.

NYSSA: And the Doctor. The
Doctor can help us.

MASTER: Oh yes, the Doctor can
certainly help us. (BRISKLY) You
must return to him.

NYSSA: I don't want to be
parted from you, father.

MASTER: No need to be. (HE
BRINGS OUT AN EXOTIC ARMLET) Wear
this, my dear.

(HE CLIPS IT ON TO HER
UPPER ARM.

SHE WINCES)

MASTER: It will keep us in mind
of each other.

26. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE TARDIS, NOW FULL
SIZE, FLUORESCES BRIEFLY.
THEN:

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE
DOCTOR EMERGES SOMEWHAT
SHAKILY)

DOCTOR: Monitor, I can't thank
you enough.

MONITOR: Please, Doctor. There's
no need...

DOCTOR: You've just saved my
life. You too, Tegan. Where is
everybody?

TEGAN: Nyssa and Adric went to
hunt for this person called Master.
Adric saw him out there.

DOCTOR: Idiots. Adric should
know better by now. There've been
enough deaths already.

MONITOR: You know about the
deaths?

DOCTOR: Here too? No, I meant
on Earth. Tegan, your aunt
Vanessa...

TEGAN: Yes, how do you like that. She's probably been picked up by one of her knight errants by now -- she's back at the cottage with tea and crumpets, while I....
[SHE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE DOCTOR'S GRAVE EXPRESSION AND BREAKS OFF]
She isn't...?

DOCTOR: I have some very serious news, Tegan.

TEGAN: Aunt Vanessa? Oh no...
She's dead?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.

TEGAN: That dear, sweet lady...

DOCTOR: That's why I'm going to put a stop to the Master if it's the last thing I do.

27. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(ADRIC IS SEARCHING THE
STREET. HE COMES ACROSS
NYSSA)

NYSSA: Adric!

ADRIC: Nyssa! Are you all
right?

NYSSA: Of course. Did you find
him?

ADRIC: Nothing. We'd better
get back to the Doctor. [HE TURNS
TO GO, THEN REALISES NYSSA IS
SOMEWHAT DAZED] Nyssa? Are you
sure there's nothing wrong?

NYSSA: My father's here.

ADRIC: Your father? So you
found him!

NYSSA: [UNCERTAINLY] Yes...
It was my father.

ADRIC: But that's wonderful.
What's he doing here on Logopolis?

NYSSA: It's a secret. Look, he
gave me this. [SHE SHOWS ADRIC THE
ARMLET] It's too small for me.
I've been trying to get it off...

ADRIC: [INSPECTING IT] It's a
sort of... communications device.
Yes, it does look tight...

(SUDDENLY IT SPARKS.

ADRIC JUMPS BACK, BUT
NYSSA APPEARS UNHURT)

ADRIC: Sorry. Did it hurt?

NYSSA: (STRANGELY) No. I hope
you haven't broken it.

ADRIC: (APPROACHING IT AGAIN)
Shouldn't be too hard to get it
off.

(AS HE WORKS ON TRYING TO
GET HIS THUMBS UNDER IT
NYSSA'S HAND OF THE SAME
ARM MOVES UP TOWARDS HIS
NECK)

ADRIC: Nearly got it...

(HER FINGERS START TO
CLOSE AROUND HIS NECK)

ADRIC: Hey, what are you doing?
I'm trying to concentrate.

(THE DOCTOR COMES IN)

DOCTOR: Adric! Nyssa!

(NYSSA'S ARM INSTANTLY
RELAXES)

NYSSA: Thank heaven's, Doctor.
You're free.

28. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE SOUND OF THE NUMBERS
BEING CHANTED INTO THE
APERTURES OF THE LONG
CONSOLE.

THE ROW OF NUMBERERS AT
WORK AS WE SAW THEM
BEFORE.

AT SOME DISTANCE FROM US
TWO OF THEM ROUND A
CORNER INTO VIEW WHEELING
THE SCREEN-LIKE
INSTRUMENTS THAT WERE
USED TO STABILISE THE
TARDIS.

THEY APPROACH DOWN THE
LONG ROOM. AS THEY PASS
ONE OF THE NUMBERERS
TURNS TO WATCH THEM GO.

WE CLOSE ON HIS FACE.

IT IS THE MASTER, DRESSED
IN THE LONG FLOWING ROBES
OF THE OTHER
LOGOPOLITANS.

WITH THE FAINTEST CHUCKLE
HE RISES AND FOLLOWS THE
TWO SCREENS)

29. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT
THE TWO LOGOPOLITANS,
WHOM WE GLIMPSE BEHIND
THE ADVANCING SCREENS.

FROM BEHIND THE SCREENS
COMES A DISCREET CRACKLE
AND FLASH, NOT ENOUGH TO
DISTRACT THE ROWS OF
NUMBERERS FROM THEIR
INVOLVEMENT, AND THE TWO
SCREENS COME TO A HALT.

IN THE GAP BETWEEN THE
TWO SCREENS WE CATCH
SIGHT OF THE MASTER'S
TRIUMPHANT FACE, AND AS
HE MOVES ONE OF THE
SCREENS WE SEE:

THE TWO LOGOPOLITANS HAVE
BEEN REDUCED TO THE SIZE
OF LARGE DOLLS.

THE MASTER TAKES A SMALL
SILVER BOX FROM HIS ROBES
AND ATTACHES IT TO ONE OF
THE SCREENS, POINTING IT
DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE
ROOM.

THE ROOM IMMEDIATELY
BECOMES SILENT.

AND THE ONLY SOUND IS THE
CHUCKLE OF THE MASTER)

30. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

ADRIC: I knew you'd do it.

DOCTOR: I didn't do it. It was all thanks to you people. And I may be able to save your lives in turn.

ADRIC: How do you mean?

DOCTOR: By stopping you from chasing about after the Master. You both know how dangerous he can be. Tegan says you saw him.

ADRIC: Yes, here, in one of these streets.

DOCTOR: What did he look like?

ADRIC: You know. The man you were talking to by the river....

(ADRIC BREAKS OFF,
LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE
END OF THE STREET)

ADRIC: There -- look! That's him!

(THEY ALL TURNS TO SEE:

THE TRANSLUCENT FIGURE OF
THE WATCHER.

THE FIGURE VANISHES)

NYSSA: That can't be the
Master....

DOCTOR: It isn't

NYSSA: That's the man who
brought me here from Traken. (TO
THE DOCTOR) A friend of yours.

DOCTOR: Yes, a sort of...
passing acquaintance. He brought
you here on my account. I hoped
you'd be safer.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES BRISKLY
DOWN THE STREET IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. ADRIC AND
NYSSA FOLLOW)

ADRIC: But I thought...

DOCTOR: I warned you against
unnecessary guesswork.

ADRIC: He was the man who told
you bad luck was on the way.

DOCTOR: He was right. And worse
to come.

ADRIC: And you believe him?

44 (ep.3)

DOCTOR: I have to.

ADRIC: Have to? Why?

DOCTOR: Because he is here.

31. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE ROWS OF NUMBERERS
ARE FROZEN INTO
IMMOBILITY.

THE MASTER WHEELS THE
SCREEN DOWN THE LENGTH OF
THE ROOM, AND INTO:)

32. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN, THE MONITOR AND
THE LOGOPOLITANS TURN AS
THE DOOR OPENS)

MASTER: Please remain where you
are. I have it in my power to
bring Logopolis to a complete
halt.

33. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.
DAY.

DOCTOR: Come on. We've got to find somewhere safe for you before it starts.

NYSSA: What starts?

DOCTOR: The Master's attack on Logopolis. I was vain enough to believe it was me he was after. Logopolis is his target.

ADRIC: Why?

DOCTOR: I'm beginning to realise there's a lot more to Block Transfer Computation than I thought. I suspect the Master realises that too.

ADRIC: The Monitor said they could make a copy of any space/time event in the Universe.

DOCTOR: Which is how they built a replica of the Pharos Complex.

ADRIC: And the antenna. Their maths must be very powerful to do that.

DOCTOR: And we still don't know why. Why copy the Pharos complex? The Monitor has some questions to answer.

(NYSSA HAS STOPPED)

NYSSA: Listen.

ADRIC: I can't hear anything.

DOCTOR: Quite.

NYSSA: Logopolis has stopped.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES
THE NEAREST CELL.

A LOGOPOLITAN SITS IN THE
CUSTOMARY PLACE AT THE
MOUTH OF HIS CELL. BUT
HE IS COMPLETELY
MOTIONLESS AND SILENT,
HIS ABACUS LYING ON HIS
LAP.

THE DOCTOR REACHES OUT
AND TOUCHES HIM.

HE CRUMBLES AWAY TO DUST,
A HOLLOW FRAGILE SHELL)

DOCTOR: The Central Register --
quickly!

34. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE MONITOR, TEGAN AND
THE LOGOPOLITANS STANDS
RIVETTED TO IMMOBILITY IN
FRONT OF THE MASTER.

THE SCREEN, WITH THE
MASTER'S ADDED SILVER
BOX, IS NOW POINTING INTO
THE APERTURE ON THE
MONITOR'S CONSOLE.

THE MONITOR IS DEEPLY
ALARMED BY THIS TURN OF
EVENTS)

MONITOR: Turn that machine off
immediately. You fool! You have
no idea what you are doing.

MASTER: Merely emitting a sound
cancelling wave. Logopolis is now
temporarily suspended, Monitor.
The silence gives us an opportunity
to discuss its future.

MONITOR: It won't have a future,
and nor will anything else unless
you stop now. You are eroding the
structure and generating entropy.

MASTER: An absurd assertion,
Monitor. I know the power of this
device down to the last decibel.

MONITOR: But you don't know
Logopolis!

MASTER: But I shall, shan't I, Monitor. Before I allow the fascinating sounds of life here to resume you will have told me all there is to know. Of the secret work you are doing here perhaps... I heard rumours of your plagiarism of the Earthling's fruitless Pharos project. Why have you created a copy here on Logopolis, Monitor? The time has come for you to share your secret with me.

MONITOR: I cannot tell you. No one must know. That has been our firm decision.

MASTER: Then we will wait until you change it. Patience is a particular virtue of mine.

TEGAN: Do as the man says -- switch it off.

MASTER: It is nothing more than a blanket of silence.

DOCTOR: (ENTERING WITH NYSSA AND ADRIC) Which is killing the Logopolitans and turning them to dust..

MASTER: Killing them? You expect me to believe that?

DOCTOR: The Monitor's right, Master. Your spirit of free enterprise is doing more damage than even you can imagine.

51 (ep.3)

MONITOR: It may already be too late.

NYSSA: Father! What are you doing?

DOCTOR: That's not your father, Nyssa. Tremas is dead. Killed by the Master there!

NYSSA: Dead! You've killed my father.

(NYSSA RUSHES AS HIM.

BUT AS SHE REACHES TO
GRAB HIM, THE ARM
CONTROLLED BY THE ARMLET
SEEMS SUDDENLY TO BE
SUSPENDED IN THE AIR.

NYSSA TUGS AT IT, TRYING
TO REACH THE MASTER WITH
THE OTHER HAND, BUT IT IS
AS IF SHE IS PULLING
AGAINST AN INVISIBLE
LEASH.

SHE FLAILS WILDLY)

MASTER: But his body remains useful. Without it I could not have conquered Logopolis.

DOCTOR: (ADVANCING ON THE MASTER
WITH MENACE) This isn't conquest
-- it's devastation.

MONITOR: Yes, you will destroy everything.

MASTER: You exaggerate, Monitor.
Logopolis is not the Universe.

MONITOR: But it is! Logopolis is
the keystone. If you destroy
Logopolis, you unravel the whole
causal nexus!

(THE MASTER ADVANCES ON
THE MONITOR)

MASTER: (WITH A SNEER) Causal
nexus! You insult my intelligence,
Monitor.

TEGAN: (ASIDE; TO ADRIC)
What's he talking about?

DOCTOR: (TO THE MASTER) Listen
to him!

ADRIC: (ASIDE; TO TEGAN)
Something's interfering with the
law of cause and effect.

MASTER: Please step back,
Doctor. Or...

(HE TOUCHES A BUTTON ON
THE SILVER BOX.

NYSSA CRIES OUT IN PAIN
AND HER ARM SWINGS ROUND
THREATENINGLY TOWARDS THE
DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR DULY
RETREATS)

DOCTOR: Let her go.

(BUT ADRIC TAKES
ADVANTAGE OF THE
DIVERSION AND DIVES FOR
THE SCREEN, SENDING IT
FLYING.

BUT NYSSA'S HAND GOES TO
HIS THROAT)

ADRIC: Nyssa! Let go.

NYSSA: (SURPRISED AT WHAT HER
HAND IS DOING) I... can't...

MASTER: That is a demonstration
of the causal nexus, Monitor. The
electro-muscular constrictor gives
me complete control over that hand.
Please replace the screen, Doctor.
Or one of your young friends will
eliminate the other.

(THE DOCTOR DOES SO.

TEGAN STEPS UP TO THE
MASTER)

TEGAN: You revolting man. I
wouldn't take orders from you if
you were the last man in the
Universe.

DOCTOR: Which he may well be, if
he carries on like this. (TO THE
MASTER) Don't you see what the
Monitor is telling us? Logopolis
isn't the academic backwater it
seems, but somehow crucial to the
structure of creation.

MASTER: I have never been susceptible to argument based on abstract nouns, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then come out into the streets and see what's happening.

(THE MASTER WAVERS, THEN
DECISIVELY CROSSES TO THE
SCREEN)

MASTER: No need for that, Doctor. I can demonstrate the continued functioning of Logopolis from here. (INDICATING THE SILVER BOX) This device only creates temporary silence. And can be switched off.

(HE DISCONNECTS THE
SILVER BOX LONG ENOUGH TO
PUT HIS EAR TO THE
APERTURE ON THE CONSOLE
TO LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS
OF THE STREET.

HE APPEARS TROUBLED --
THERE IS STILL NO SOUND)

MONITOR: You will hear nothing. Local disruption of structure is already irreversible. Logopolis is dead.

MASTER: I have never been susceptible to argument based on abstract nouns, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then come out into the streets and see what's happening.

(THE MASTER WAVERS, THEN
DECISIVELY CROSSES TO THE
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TO LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS
OF THE STREET.

HE APPEARS TROUBLED --
THERE IS STILL NO SOUND)

MONITOR: You will hear nothing. Local disruption of structure is already irreversible. Logopolis is dead.

35. LOGOPOLIS: MODEL SHOT. DAY.

(THE CONVOLUTIONS ARE NOW
NOTICEABLY SILTED UP IN
PLACES, SMOOTHING THE
CONTOURS AROUND THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.
THE BIG ANTENNA STILL
DOMINATES THE SKYLINE)

36. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(TOTAL SILENCE. THE
CELLS ARE EMPTY AND SOME
HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO
CRUMBLE.

THE MONITOR, THE DOCTOR,
THE MASTER, ADRIC, NYSSA
AND TEGAN ENTER WARILY)

MONITOR: (SPEAKING SOFTLY) We
often speculated on what it might
be like.

MASTER: (LOUDLY; TO THE MONITOR)
You've done this deliberately. A
ploy to deprive me of my prize.

(A NEARBY CELL COLLAPSES
IN A LANDSLIDE OF
RUBBLE)

MONITOR: Don't raise your voice.
Nothing is solid now. Entropy has
taken over.

(THE MASTER LOOKS ROUND,
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME
THE MONITOR'S MESSAGE
BEGINS TO SINK IN)

TEGAN: (WHISPERING TO ADRIC)
But what's he done?

ADRIC: Everything began to waste away when he interfered. But why...?

DOCTOR: [TO ADRIC] The Numbers. Somehow they were holding the whole structure together.

MASTER: The causal nexus broken? I don't believe it. Our own biomechanisms are untouched.

MONITOR: For them moment, yes. The degradation is random. But anything could happen.

MASTER: No, Monitor... this is some crude defence mechanism, a device to delude an enemy. Come, Nyssa, we'll wring the truth out of them.

(HE ACTIVATES THE BOX,
DRAWING NYSSA NEARER TO
HIM.

BUT WHEN HE TRIES TO
ELEVATE HER ARM NOTHING
HAPPENS.

HE STABS AT THE BOX WITH
AN ANGRY FINGER)

MASTER: It's not working! [TO
THE DOCTOR] What have you done?

DOCTOR: Don't look at me,
Master. The entropy you released
is eroding your systems too.

(THE MASTER BECOMES
FRENETIC AT THE ARMLET
CONTROLS)

MASTER: Entropy? Absurd... the
power is weak... some freak
interference. Increase the power.

MONITOR: More power will only speed the collapse.

(THE ARMLET ON NYSSA'S ARM SUDDENLY SHATTERS AND CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND.

THE MASTER STOPS DEAD, STARING FIRST AT THE REMAINS OF THE ARMLET, THEN AT THE SURROUNDING STREET)

MONITOR: The things around us are now no more than husks of themselves. From this point the unravelling will spread out until all the universe is reduced to a uniform levelled nothingness.

MASTER: (FULL OF WONDERMENT) So it's true!

MONITOR: (IN A WHISPER) Don't move. Anybody...

(INSTINCTIVELY THEY ALL OBEY, EVEN THE MASTER.

FROM ALL AROUND COMES THE CREAK AND SHUFFLE OF SHIFTING STRUCTURE)

DOCTOR: You may as well tell us the truth now, Monitor.

(THEY ALL LOOK TOWARDS THE MONITOR IN SILENCE)

MONITOR: Yes, Doctor, as you guessed -- our Numbers were keeping the fabric of the Universe together.

NYSSA: But how? Surely in a closed system like the universe entropy is bound to grow until it fills all logical space...

ADRIC: Because of the law... that Entropy Increases.

MONITOR: Certainly... if it remains closed. I congratulate you on the intelligence and understanding of your two young friends, Doctor. No, you're both quite correct. The universe long ago passed the point of total collapse as predicted by the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

MASTER: Passed the point?

MONITOR: Oh yes. But we had the means to postpone the time. Our Block Transfer Computations....

DOCTOR: That's why you adapted the Pharos project.

MONITOR: Yes, Doctor. We opened the system by creating voids into other universes.

37. LOGOPOLIS: MODEL SHOT. DAY.

(MANY OF THE CONVOLUTIONS
ARE NOW ALMOST INVISIBLE
BENEATH THE SILT.

THE BIG ANTENNA STILL
RISES ABOVE IT ALL)

ADRIC: (VOICE OVER) The
Charged Vacuum Emboitement!

DOCTOR: That's right, Adric. We
passed through one of your voids,
Monitor.

MONITOR: (VOICE OVER) They will
be closing now. It depended on
our continual endeavours -- a
temporary solution while the
Advanced Research Unit worked on a
more permanent plan. But nothing
will come of that now.

38. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING
AREA. DAY.

MASTER: What Research Unit?

MONITOR: A team devoted to
discoving a stable solution that
did not depend on our own continued
efforts. But now the team is
destroyed. To think of that work
too going to waste...

TEGAN: There must be something
we can do. (SAVAGELY; TO THE
MASTER) This will teach you to
meddle with things you don't
understand.

(A LANDSLIDE: THE EARTH
SHAKES AS THE STREET
CRUMBLES AROUND THEM.

WE RESUME THE SAME SCENE
IN:)

39. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING
AREA. DAY.

(SEEN AS THE SAME STREET
NOW FLATTENED BY THE
LANDSLIDE)

TEGAN: What did I do?

MONITOR: We are beyond
recriminations now. Beyond
everything...

DOCTOR: Almost everything. (TO
THE MASTER) I can see only one
possible course. As Time Lords you
and I have a special
responsibility.

MASTER: No, I refuse to contact
Gallifrey.

DOCTOR: I'm not very keen on the
idea myself. In a way we're both
refugees.

MASTER: A pair of ex-patriates.

DOCTOR: I was going to suggest
we pool our resources.

MASTER: If we do that there will
be no question of your returning to
Gallifrey. Perhaps for ever.

DOCTOR: I'm happy to leave that problem for the future. If there is one.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA ARE HORRIFIED)

TEGAN: Doctor! What are you doing?

NYSSA: How can you! The creature who killed my father...

(THE MASTER HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TOWARDS THE DOCTOR)

MASTER: Together, then.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS FROM THE MASTER TO HIS COMPANIONS, VERY MUCH SENSING THE DILEMMA)

DOCTOR: (TO HIS COMPANIONS; BEGINNING GENTLY) I can't choose the company I keep. Not in these circumstances. In fact I have never chosen my own company. Nyssa... you contacted me, you begged me to help you find your father. And you, Tegan... your own curiosity brought you into this...

(THE DOCTOR'S TONE HAS BECOME HARSH NOW, AS HE DELIBERATELY MAKES THE COMING SEPARATION EASIER FOR HIS COMPANIONS)

64 (ep.3)

DOCTOR: ...And as for you,
Adric. Stowaway!

(THE MASTER'S HAND IS
STILL EXTENDED.

THE DOCTOR TURNS HIS BACK
ON HIS COMPANIONS AND
TAKES IT)

DOCTOR: Together. The one last
hope.

MASTER: For all of us.

(SOLEMNLY THE MASTER AND
THE DOCTOR SHAKE HANDS)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm